

# PYROMAN



THE WORLD OF MAY 1947 WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE WORLD OF 1947—THE WORLD HE KNEW TODAY BUT JOHN FLEISHER HAD TO HELP THE TWO WORLDS MEET—AND FOR A WHILE HE ALMOST SUCCEEDED WHEN JOHN MARTIN—ALIAS PYROMAN—BATTLED WITH STRANGE ELECTRICAL POWERS—CAME ON THE SCENE, THE CONFLICT OF PAST AND PRESENT PRODUCED VIOLENCE—AND DEATH!

IN A DRY-COUNTRY  
BICYCLE TOUR

THIS IS THE  
LIFE-LOVE!  
NO WORRIES  
NO PROBLEMS!

THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
THINK! YOU  
LOOK  
OUT!

A BULL! AND  
HE DOESN'T  
SEEM TO WANT  
US AROUND!

I THINK WE'D  
BETTER YIELD  
TO HIS WISDOM  
PICK!

HE'S BARKING ON  
US, JOHN! WE'VE GOT  
TO GET OVER THAT  
FENCE!

KEEP  
OFF!

KEEP  
OFF!

DOH!  
—HE HATES  
IT!

WHEE—E

POORCHMENT  
TO THE LORD-  
SHIP'S JAIL,  
WITH THEM!

THEY—THEY  
LOOK LIKE FOREST  
HARDENED OUT OF  
ELDERBERRY TREES  
JUST AS THICK

THAT'S  
KNOWS BE  
THE FEARS  
FEEL OF THE  
GREAT LORD  
PLEASANT—AND  
WE'RE TRYING—  
BUT WE SHALL  
BE ANNOYED!

GET HE HONOR AT  
ONCE, AND HE WILL  
BE ANNOYED THE MOUTH  
OF HIS LORDSHIP'S  
HIGH GRASSY—  
AND HAS FLOORED  
WARY FOR LEADER  
OFFENSE!

DOING FREELY  
RELEASE THE BULL  
HAS ANNOYED—OFF!

**STAY A HOTEL IN A NEARBY TOWN—**

CAN YOU TELL  
ME WHAT'S GOO-  
ING ON THAT ESTATE  
OUTSIDE OF TOWN?  
IT'S THE QUEEREST  
PLACE—

THAT'S THE  
MANSION OF  
MILLIONAIRE  
JOHN FLEURBAUNT  
OR, HEY A LITTLE  
—UN-FOUNDED!

FLEURBAUNT'S PRECISELY FROM AN OLD  
FRENCH FAMILY THAT USED TO BE TOP HORNS  
IN EUROPE ABOUT 1800 HEV GOT A BEE IN  
HIS BONNET ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS  
—WHEN HIS FAMILY RULED THE MOON!



YOU HEAR—HEV GET  
HIMSELF OFF ON HIS  
ENTRANCE AND PRETENSE  
HEV A FANCY WORLD  
MAKE THAT'S FANTASTIC!

WELL HE HAS  
PLENTY OF MONEY  
AND HEV GOT A  
HARSHNESS NOT  
GO NOBODY  
BOTHERS HIM!

**PLENTY OF  
MONEY T A  
HARSHNESS  
NOT T NOBODY  
MAKE THE  
HOTEL CLERK  
WOULD HEV IF  
HE KNOW THE  
TRUTH AT THAT  
MOMENT IN THE  
FLEURBAUNT  
MANSION—**

HEVING HER WALK  
UP TO THIS LOVELY  
FLEURBAUNT IT WAS  
A GOOD IDEA TO  
USE THE PLACE  
FOR MY COUNTRY  
FITTING ABOUT  
—AFTER I  
LEARNED YOU  
WENT THERE!

THE CORNELL  
NEVER THINK TO  
LOOK FOR ME  
HERE!

YOUR WOMEN ARE UN-  
COUTHY NOT HALLOW! EVEN  
SO YOUR MONEY ENABLES  
ME TO TRAVEL IN STYLE—  
AS BETTER ONE OF  
WORLD BLOOD!

HEY,  
MINT!

HEY,  
MINT! WE  
GOTTA TALK  
TO YA!

BACKWHALE! DO YE DARE ENTER  
THE PRESENCE OF  
YOUR LITTLE LORD  
WITHOUT HIS GEE-  
COUSE FLEURBAUNT!

THAT'S RIGHT! NOT THE  
MATTER WITH YOU PUNNY?  
I DUNTA KNOW YER  
FEEL IN WHOLE! YOU  
GOT NO MANNEREF

WELL ON—UH  
SURE! YERE  
BODEN YER LOOK  
WHY! IT WONT  
HAPPEN  
AGAIN!

BOSS—HE JUST WINK A KISS AND  
SOME JAIL CLASH OVER THE  
FENCE THE WARDEN CHASED  
'EM OFF—IT'S THAT CHEERFUL  
DICK MARTIN!

HE WAS A SPECIAL FBI  
MAN DURING THE WAR!

I DON'T LIKE THAT  
TAKE SOME OF THE  
BOSS AND BEAR  
THOSE TWO! DON'T  
LET 'EM SLIP  
AWAY!

WHAT NIGHT IN DICK  
MARTIN'S HOTEL ROOM—

COCK UP THEM  
DREAMS, FIL! WAKE  
UP! THE BOSS WANTS  
TA SEE YOU ABOUT  
SOMETHIN' REAL!

WHA—WHAT?  
WHAT IS THIS  
—A KIDNAPPING?

Outside—

JONCE! THEY GRABBED  
HER, TOO! WHAT'S  
THIS ALL ABOUT?

GET GON, YOU TWO!

DO SOMETHING TO  
DISTRACT THEIR ATTEN-  
TION, JONCE! I'LL TRY  
TO GET AWAY—AND  
BRING BACK HELP!



NOY LETS SEE  
WHAT I CAN DO  
TO YOUR CHINE!



UNEXPECTEDLY—

LUCKY I CAME  
ALONG TO SEE  
HOW MY BOYS WERE  
DOING! PICK THIS  
BUG UP! QUICKLY  
BECAUSE I'VE HEARD  
YOU'RE LETTING PICK  
MARTIN GET  
AWAY!



FINISH  
FURMAN  
ANYWHERE  
IN THE  
TORTURE  
CHAMBER  
OF THE  
FLESHY  
MACHINE—



WHAT—WHERE—  
THEY'RE THERE!  
BRING JONES!

WE KNOW YOU AND  
PICK MARTIN  
WERE SENT HERE  
BECAUSE SOME  
NOY GOT KIND  
OF OUR GOATRA  
POW! PLANT  
BETTER TALK  
HAPPY!



JONES—SOMEONE OVER LIFE  
AND DEATH! THOUGHT BE BUT  
THE NOW OF A SECOND TO  
KILL THE GUY! BUT I CAN  
LET HER LIVE IF I WANT!



I TELL YOU...  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKING  
ABOUT!

I CAN'T GET  
LOOSE! THEY USED  
A BUSTON SCISSOR  
TO BIND ME!

NO! STOP!  
DON'T STAB  
ME—!

I'VE GOT  
TO HELP  
JONES! I'VE  
GOT TO  
BEAT FREE!  
I DO IT!





THE MAN WILL TELL  
US NOTHING—BUT  
SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH  
TO LIVE—SHE THEN  
DIES BY THE HAND  
OF THE AGENT  
LORD FLEASHORT.

HELP! HELP! HELP!  
HELP! YOU KNOW  
FLEASHORT!

WHERE'S YOUR CHANCE  
TO FLEE? RUN NOW  
YOUR LEADERSHIP!

PHYCARMY'S FEEL!  
QUICK! GO!  
INTO THE OTHER  
ROOM!



WELL, WELL—LOOK WHO'S  
BEHIND THE EIGHT-BALL!  
NOW! CRAWL OUT OF  
YOUR HOLES,  
BATS!

DON'T BE TOO COOLY,  
PHYCARMY! THE BARRER, WILL  
BURST INTO FLAMES WHEN  
IT MEETS YOUR ELECTRICALLY  
CHARGED BODY.  
YOU'LL BURN  
TO A CRISP!



NOT WHILE  
YOU'RE HOLDING  
THE BARRER!

HEY!  
COVER MY  
REAR!

THIS PLACE IS A TRAP!  
NOW, IT'LL BURN TO THE  
GROUND! LET'S GET OUT  
—NOW!

YOU WON'T  
SAVE AS MY  
FRIENDS—BE  
NOT AT ALL!



OKAY...WHATEVER YOU SAY! BUT JUST LET US OUTA HERE!

ON THE BALL, FLEURBAUNT! THERE'S A PROPER CELL WAITING FOR YOU!



LORD FLEURBAUNT THEN CAPTIVE BY A COMRADE OF MY NEIGHBOR MELHARLEY!



FIRE! CANNOT ABIDE A GREAT CHALICE! I WILL SIT ON MY THRONE AND COMMAND THE FLAMES TO CEASE!



CEASE--OR I WILL HAVE YE FLOBBED!



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE--

POOR FLEURBAUNT! HE REALLY THOUGHT HE WAS A GREAT LORD PYROMANIAC--WHERE ARE YOU PYROMANIAC?



WILL I TO JUDGE? I HAD TROUBLE FINDING YOU AFTER I FINISHED THE POLICE!

YOU ALWAYS TURN UP AFTER THE SHOOTING'S OVER, DICK. BUT PYROMAN TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING--AS HE ALWAYS DOES!

BUT PYROMAN CAN'T TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!